DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE

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JOHN BUNYAN.

Two hundred years ago there lived in England a pious and godly man whose name was John Bunyan. His father was a tinker, and it may be supposed that John often tried his hand at mending tin vessels. If he was as fond of hammering and making a racket as are some boys with whom we are acquainted, he must have had a grand time in his father's tinker shop. Some say that he was a very bad boy. He even says of himself that he was very wicked. But he said this when he was very sorry for his sins, so that he may not have been worse, or perhaps not nearly so bad as some boys are who think they are pretty good. It is true that John did some swearing and that is always bad. He was cured of this wicked habit by some good man who one day kindly told him how bad it was. One rebuke was enough. He was also fond of engaging in immoral amusements. He regretted this very much after he saw what an evil influence they exerted over him.

When Mr. Bunyan was only seventeen years old he became a soldier under the great English statesman and general, Oliver Cromwell. While he was in the army he once had a very narrow escape from being killed. It was at the siege of Leicester. He had been appointed to do duty as a sentinel, but he wanted to go somewhere else at that time. One of his comrades kindly took his place, and before Mr. Bunyan returned his friend was shot dead. That must have made him feel very sad, and yet he always looked on it as having been providential. It does seem so, because he was spared to become a very good and useful man. In 1647 he was married This was an advantage to him It helped to lead him to become a Christian, at least, he soon grew deeply interested in religion. He had many struggles with doubts and temptations. Satan, that great enemy of all good feared that Bunyan would become a great instrument in God's hands to bring sinners to Christ, and so he tried in every way to discourage this young Christian. But at last Mr. Bunyan felt that he was truly saved, and then he went to work for his Master, Jesus, in great earnest. He began to preach to the poor of Bedford, and continued for five years. The enemies of the cause of Christ opposed and persecuted him a great deal, but he was now growing strong in God's grace and would not allow himself to become discouraged. His enemies were so determined to make him stop preaching that they put him into gaol in Bedford, where he had to stay for twelve long years. They then tried to tempt him with liberty if he would stop preaching. He said, "if you will let me go to-day I will preach again to-morrow." While in gaol he preached to the prisoners. He made lace and sold it, and in this way secured money enough to keep his poor wife and children, one of whom was blind. The only books he had to read were the Bible, the best of all books, and Foxe's Book of Martyrs. He was not very well educated, but he began to write books. The greatest and best book he ever wrote was called "Pilgrim's Progress," which is a figurative description of the travels of a Christian from this world to heaven. This book has been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible. He may have gotten his first idea of writing it from reading a book called "Palace of Honor," which was written in 1501, by a Scottish poet, by the name of Gawin Douglas. He made many mistakes in writing, but he kept at it, and now, perhaps, it can be said of his book that it has done as much or more good in the world than any other book except the Bible.

His enemies finally yielded, and he was freed from prison in 1672. He served a Baptist congregation as pastor for some years. In 1678 the first part of "Pilgrim's Progress" was published, and in 1684 the second part was published. He also wrote a number of other books, one of which is called "The Holy War." He spent the latter part of his life in Holborn. He died in London August 31, 1688. His death was hastened by exposure to the rain in returning from one of his many benevolent errands.—*Sunday School Messenger.*

A HOMELY ILLUSTRATION OF FAITH.

Sam Jones was talking to a man of weak faith the other day. The doubter asked if Mr. Jones could not give him a demonstration of religion.

"None," was the reply. "You must get inside the fold, and the demonstration will come of itself. Humble yourself, have faith, and you shall know the truth."

"In other words, I must believe, accept it before it is proved, and believe it without proof."

"Now, hold on right here. Out West they have a place for watering cattle. The cattle have to mount a platform to reach the troughs. As they step on the platform their weight presses a lever and this throws the water in the troughs. They have to get on the platform through faith and this act provides the water and leads them to it. You are like a smart steer that slips around to the barn-yard and peeps in the trough without getting on the platform. He finds the trough dry, of course, for it needs his weight on the platform to force the water up. He turns away disgusted, and tells everybody there's no use getting on the platform, for there's no water in the trough. Another steer not so smart but with more faith, steps on the platform, the water springs into the trough, and he marches up and drinks. That's the way with religion. You've got to get on the platform. You can't even examine it intelligently until you are on the platform. If you slide around the back way you'll find the trough dry. But step on the platform, and the water and faith come together without any trouble—certain and sure and abundant."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE FLORIDA LAW forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquor except on petition of a majority of the voters of the election district has been declared constitutional by the Supreme Court of that state.

Temperance Department.

A HOUSE BUILT OF WRECKS.

BY THE REV. W. P. BREED, PHILADELPHIA.

Some time since an account appeared in the newspapers of a house near the sea-coast in California built entirely of the wrecked vessels. The whole edifice was a combination of bulkheads and bulwarks, of lockers and cabins. It is beamed with ribs of shattered vessels. It is boarded with planks ripped off from the ship's side by the savage violence of wind and breaker. The ceilings are decorated with the linings of sumptuous steamer-cabins. The kitchen is the galley of a wrecked merchantman.

In reading a description of that house a feeling crept over us that it might require some nerve to be able to enjoy such an abode! Might not a sensitive, or if you will "nervous" occupant of one of those rooms be assailed in the dark hours of the night, by sounds hardly distinguishable from the moans, the groans, the sobs that enveloped those wreck-fragments as they were broken from the ship and scattered like chaff on the bosom of the hissing, foaming, seething sea? I think I should prefer not to dwell in a house built of the wrecks of hapless ships!

But in one of our far inland towns there is a beautiful house. The grounds around whisper of paradise. Lawns, trees, flowers of many a choice variety beautify the scene. The edifice itself is built after the richest style of modern domestic architecture. The doors are massive walnut with hinges of silver. There are winding stairs with ample landing places fenced with a heavy balustrade. There are frescoed ceilings and carpets that yield like down to the pressure of the foot. There are means of illumination that turn night into day. The proprietor lies upon a bed of ivory and stretches himself upon his couch; eats the lambs out of the flock and the calves out of the midst of the stall; drinks wine in bowls and anoints himself with the chief ointments.

And this house is built of wrecks! Every board and every brick, every stone and every timber, every piece of furniture and every appliance of comfort, the carpets on the floor, the frescoes on the ceiling, are each in whole or in part the fragment of a wreck—a wreck not of a ship but of a home, a life, a soul! The owner of this mansion is the owner also and keeper of a drinking saloon. The bar-tender is an adept at mixing tempting beverages; in the art of combining whiskies, brandies and the like into a wonderful variety of fascinating drinks. The waiters are models of attention and from early morning till after midnight a stream of coin pours over that counter into the drawer, and it is of coin thus obtained that yonder beautiful house has been built.

In another street not far away there is a house that was once the embodiment of thrift, neatness and domestic joy. The house has become a wreck. Old hats and old clothes now occupy many a place once filled with window-panes. Without, all looks like desolation, and within all is misery and destitution. The woman is wearing her life away to support her children while the father is a lounger about that drinking saloon. All that was comfortable, all that was beautiful in that home has gone into the gorgeous mansion of the saloon keeper. The wreck of this home has been built into that palace. There was a young man, I have seen him often, who had lost both his arms and who had become a slave to the appetite for strong drink. In that saloon the polite bar-tender would fill the glass for this armless young man, then hold it to the lips while it was drained and then put his hands into the pockets and help himself to the money for the dram. The wreckage of this young man is built into the house of the saloon keeper. A young man—this is fact not fancy—the only son of his mother and she was a widow, spent his money in that saloon till he had no more to spend, and then went into a far country to spend his days in riotous living. But he fell into the company of those who cared for his soul, reformed and set out to bring the glad news to his widowed mother. Before he reached the home door some frequenters of that saloon, former boon companions, met him and by mingled persuasion and ridicule drew him back to the old drinking-place and plied him with drink till at last he actually died on their hands and they had to carry the dead body to the mother; and the wreck of that woman's heart and of that young man's body and soul are built into that beautiful mansion where the liquor seller holds his court. In all that house there is scarce an ornament, means and appliance of comfort, an easy chair, an instrument of music that has not come from some such wreck.

Have not the sighs, sobs, groans of women, broken-bodied as well as broken-hearted, the ravings, the blasphemies and cries of despair of ruined men gone into the very walls of that mansion? and in the dark, lonesome night when the winds are sighing round it, may not these come out again and pour themselves into the ear of the sleeper on the couch? Sooner or later all these moans and groans, and these sobs and cries, will descend in one awful chorus upon the ears of the builder of that home!

No, I should not like to live in a house built of wrecks whether of ships or of home and souls!—*Episcopal Recorder.*

HUMBLE PIE AND POOR-MAN'S SOUP.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

"Halloo, Rob Westgate! So you are to eat humble pie the remainder of your life, are you?"

No reply was made to this sneering remark until the speaker, Eustace Clare, called loudly enough to be heard by every boy on the playground.

"Rob Westgate, have you turned deaf all of a sudden?"

"Were you speaking to me?" asked a bright eyed lad in response to this question.

"I should think I was. Your name is Rob Westgate isn't it?"

"Yes, sir! that's my name every time, and I never mean to do anything to make myself ashamed of it."

"I should be ashamed to eat humble pie and poor-man's soup; but some people never seem to be ashamed of anything."

"Of whom do you count me one?"

"Yes; if you have started in the track you intend to follow. You have signed old Willowdale's pledge, haven't you?"

"I have signed the pledge Mr. Dale is circulating, and it wouldn't hurt you to sign it."

"It would hurt my disposition. I don't intend to give up all the things in life quite yet."

"In signing Mr. Dale's pledge you would not give up a single good thing. His pledge is against bad things. Have you seen it?"

"No, and I don't want to?"

"Tell us about it Rob," said another schoolmate who was standing near.

"I can tell you," responded Eustace Clare, without waiting for anyone to speak. "Old Willowdale's pledge is a promise not to do a dozen different things every boy or man of spirit wants to do."

"So that is your version of it," remarked Rob Westgate. "Mr. Dale's pledge is against using profane language, tobacco, or intoxicating liquors of any kind. That is all there is to it, and according to my idea that is just what every boy of the right spirit will be willing to promise."

"Does that cover cigarettes and cider?"

"Certainly; although some cigarettes have very little tobacco about them."

"Well, I smoke cigarettes, and drink cider and beer too; and it is none of old Willowdale's business. He is nobody. Wouldn't have a roof over his head if it wasn't for somebody's charity.

"He would have a better roof over his head without charity if all belonging to him had kept such a pledge as I have signed," said Rob Westgate, "father says he was a splendid scholar, but he wasn't always as strong a teetotaler as he is now, and his children went wrong before he realized their danger. Now he is trying to save other people's children, and I am going to help him, if I do eat humble pie and poor-man's soup. So you may all know where to find me on the temperance question."

"A temperance lecture, free gratis, for nothing!" exclaimed Eustace Clare as the last speaker hurried from the playground. "Now let's go down to old Willowdale's to-night and have some fun."

"What kind of fun," was asked.

"Oh! pretend we want to sign the pledge, and then tell him we were only fooling."

"I wouldn't do so mean a thing as that," was the quick response, echoed up a chorus of voices.

Eustace Clare found himself in the minority, and although he still talked of humble pie and poor-man's soup, he was more civil in his manners. At length he was asked to describe this pie and this soup, when he answered—

"The soup is mostly clear, cold water, and the pie is any kind of poor trash, without seasoning—like mince pie without brandy."

"If it is nothing worse than that, I can eat it with a relish" said Rob. "My mother makes tiptop mince pies without a drop of brandy in them, and cold water is the best drink in the world. So you may take your brandy pies, with beer and tobacco, if you will, but I advise you as a friend to take Mr. Dale's pledge."

"Not if I know myself. I am going to take the best I can get, and make the most of it."

Their opinions differed as to what the best might be, but each went his own chosen way, and at the end of ten years no one could doubt which had chosen most wisely.

Eustace Clare was small and weak, with a pale, pinched face, and in every way inferior to his old schoolmate, who was a large, grand-looking fellow, able to help himself and others. Clare would then gladly have exchanged his lot for that of Rob, to whom no good thing seemed denied, whilst he lived on the miserable and uncertain wages earned in a low drinking saloon.

Yet he clung to tobacco, beer, and whiskey, eating with these the humblest of pies and the poorest of soups, realizing, as he did so, that he was sinking lower and lower in poverty and wretchedness. He might not have acknowledged that he was ashamed of his position, but the care with which he avoided his former companions betrayed his sense of degradation.

DID YOU KNOW, good friends who are claiming and championing the revenues of high license as necessary to the prosperity of the city and the town, that you can far better afford to pay everyone of the 500,000 saloonists and druggists of your land, $500 to quit the business, than to receive it from them for the support of your local governments? This would amount to only $250,000,000. You can then pay $50,000 to each of the 5,000 distillers and brewers of the country, as a condition of abandonment of the manufacture of liquors, with another $250,000,000 and have still another $250,000,000 left from the annual drink bill of America with which you may yearly reimburse tax-payers for the evils inflicted by the traffic through the term of years during which the government has fostered and protected it. Where are the nation's financiers?—*Union Signal.*

AS A "STRAW" indicative of the direction of "clear thought" take the action of the board of education in the city of Syracuse, N. Y., which recently resolved that in view of the marked increase of crime among the young, the superintendent of the schools of the city be authorized to correspond with boards of education and educational men in the state, in relation to the necessity for a more complete education, as pertaining to the duties of citizenship, and to inquire of them if some course of instruction in civil law and in moral and social training, such as temperance, honesty, integrity, virtue, reverence etc., may not be required in the public schools of the state.

A PRACTICAL temperance argument was one day very deftly put forth by Prof. Haughton, of Trinity College, Dublin. A friend sitting by him ordered brandy and water with a plate of oysters. Professor Haughton implored him not to ruin his digestion in that way, and sending for a glass of brandy put an oyster in it before the eyes of his friend. In a short time there lay in the bottom of the glass a tough leathery substance resembling the finger of a kid glove and just as digestible.

WATCHING HIS FATHER.

BY GEORGE R. SCOTT.

It should not only be the duty, but also the pleasure of a father to watch carefully over the actions of his son. Do they all do it? A little boy, eight years of age, named Centennial Halcomb, residing in Brooklyn, at three o'clock in the morning, at the corner of the Bowery and Grand street, New York, was discovered sitting at his father's breast, looking helplessly around, the man who should have been the little fellow's protector being in state of helpless intoxication. When brought to court the father gave as his excuse that he "went to Williamsburg, lost his way, got over the city by mistake, and wandered among the saloons until he became unconscious." The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has now charge of the boy.

About the same time the Senate of the State of New York justly passed a bill prohibiting the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine and butterine. I'm glad of it; for, after looking at a picture in the *Judge*, eating any kind of butter is hard work, and I sigh to be the owner of one or two good cows, so that my family may know what they eat and drink. But what I want to know is this:

After a father or mother has partaken of oleomargarine, has it the same effect on them as the liquor had on Mr. David Halcomb; or, in other words, when a father eats butterine, does it lay him on the broad of his back in the public streets, with his little son sitting at his breast keeping watch over him?

Again: if it is right for legislators to forbid the sale and manufacture of what is hurtful to eat, is it not equally important to prevent the making and selling of what is detrimental to drink?

People tell me that the trouble with oleomargarine is, it is made out of such nasty materials that its manufacture ought to be suppressed by law; and I guess they are right.

Not long since I saw a man who is in the habit of drinking receive his wages at about 4-30 in the afternoon; at which time he was sober. On passing through one of the archways of the Brooklyn Bridge at 5-30 (one hour later) I saw the same man lying beside a log as stiff as a dead man, drunk through and through. What do you think the liquid he had been drinking was made out of to have had such a terrible effect in such a short time?

Oleomargarine is bad enough, but it can't hold a candle to "forty-rod whiskey."

The prohibition of the manufacture and sale of articles of food injurious to the human system is worthy of all praise, and the Senators of the Empire State have acted nobly in the matter. Will they now follow it up by passing a law to save little boys and girls from seeing their fathers and mothers ruined by the sale of what is called whiskey, brandy, porter, beer, etc.?

I have never as yet seen a case of delirium tremens, or anything equal to it, brought on by eating bogus butter. For blood-spilling, mischief-making, and producing poverty, a gallon of whiskey will do more than a waggon-load of the prohibited butter.

Both should be stamped out by law, and the quicker the better.—*N. Y. Witness.*

THE GOVERNMENT, in issuing its license, virtually says, and without any possibility of question as to its meaning, "Pay me $500 and for one year you may proceed with that moral abomination. You may open a saloon and deal out strong drink, notwithstanding the fact that the saloon in any community is the invariable precursor and cause of social and moral blight and curse." The Government thus lends its high sanction to the traffic, gives it a legal status, throws about it its sacred shield, and stamps it with a legitimacy as real as if it were the most innocent and beneficent business of life. For the Government to do that thing, whether for five dollars, or five hundred dollars, or five thousand dollars is a moral wrong! Governments, like individuals, must forevermore do right. Permits to pursue the liquor traffic are permits to make inroads on almost every interest of life. License to sell intoxicating drink carries with it, not only liquor-selling, but the known and inevitable consequences of liquor-selling. This law of responsibility is true of the individual. It is just as true of the state.—*Rev. Herrick Johnson.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SOME NURSERY HINTS.

Happy is the mother who has a dressing room attached to her nursery; but they are the favored few. Dressing rooms are built to my lady's chamber, and to the guest room, and closets are considered indispensable for all other parts of the house, but the nursery is looked upon as a sort of nuisance, to be tolerated indeed, but by no means to be indulged with a dressing room.

So the first thing a mother does when she realizes her needs, is to provide herself with a screen. But a screen is a very squeamish room mate, and requires the most considerate treatment. Nurse throws her best skirt over it, when she comes in from the shower, of a Sunday, and while her back is turned, small Edmund catches hold of the skirt, and by a very gentle tug, succeeds in pulling the whole affair over on himself—poor, frightened little boy. Whenever one of the five goes to the washstand, mamma cries out, "Oh, take care, the screen is falling!" and fall it very often does.

Now I can tell you of a screen that never falls. It has three leaves, each one three feet broad, hinged together; leaf number one is flat against the inside wall in a corner, and the washstand is planted firmly against it. Leaf number two (the middle one) presents its papered side to the room, and is ornamented with birds and beasts, for the amusement of baby. Leaf numbers three faces number one, as right angles with number two, and just far enough from the wall to open and shut easily, making the door of this little square closet, which has for its fourth side the outer wall of the room. The wood work of the screen is substantial enough to allow a row of small nails on the upper frame of leaf number one, for wash rags, sponges, towels, etc., and of larger nails, on leaf number two, for night gowns and wrappers. I hope your corner has a window, as mine has, and you may now be the owner of a snug, well lighted, little dressing room, which will keep out of sight the unornamental necessities of your nursery.

How does your five-year-old Bessie get a chance to play with her doll's bedstead and china, without being raided upon by baby Edmund?

The only plan I know is to have two broad shelves put against the wall, (with broad sides if necessary and perhaps divided off into little compartments,) just high enough for Bessie to stand at, or to reach sitting on a grown up chair, but entirely out of baby's bailiwick. By the time he is able to finger these shelves, he will also have grown old enough to obey orders.

Did you ever hear of a croupy closet? You know often croupy little folks have to be kept in doors, and in one room, while the uncomfortable hoarseness is upon them; and if you ever tried it, you can hardly fail to remember the difficulty of finding entertainment for these little "shut-ins." A shelf of your wardrobe, or closet, devoted to playthings never taken out on ordinary occasions, is a great relief. The simpler the things, the better they last. A box of empty spools will build fairy-like castles; a handful of old picture papers, and a pair of harmless scissors, a few pieces of paint and a feather-tip brush; a tribe of rag babies, and such easy-to-be-had playthings, are as good as French toys, and better.

But the most valuable bit of nursery experience known to me, is the advice given me, by a mother who had raised a family of enviably gay and charming children, "Do, Lizzie, see that your children get a wholesome amount of neglecting so that they may learn from the first to bear the burden of their own existence."—*Elizabeth P. Allan in the Household.*

POISONED MINDS AND SOULS.

In Eastern Pennsylvania Harry B—, a boy of fifteen, was tormenting his younger brother, when his father interfered and threatened to punish him. Harry drew a pistol; in the scuffle that ensued his father was shot in the breast. The boy's mind was crazed by reading dime novels.

In Philadelphia a teacher in one of the public schools ordered a disorderly pupil to go to the head of the department for reprimand. The boy gave a peculiar call and eight boys immediately closed around her, and each of them presented a pistol loaded and cocked at her head. "It is thus that the sons of the forest deal with the white slave," they shouted. Not one of the boys was over twelve years of age. They were all arrested. The boys' desks were full of the lowest class of novels and plays.

In New York a little girl of twelve and a boy of fourteen eloped together. They were found a month later in a house in Pennsylvania and brought home. They were the children of respectable parents. Their ideas of life were gained from cheap sensational literature.

Two boys aged eleven and eight ran away from New Jersey City and made their way to Philadelphia, when they were overtaken. Their baggage consisted of one blanket, two guns, one butcher-knife, a razor, a dozen cartridges and forty-five cents in money. They said that they were on their way to the prairies, and that they intended to become highwaymen and rob railway trains. They had been reading the life of the James brothers.

A gang of boys, the sons of honest mechanics and workingmen, combined together in Cincinnati under the name of The White Tigers. They met in a cellar, which they called "the den," twice a week, where they ate sausage with mustard and drank a glass of whiskey. Each Tiger was required to bring to the den two dollars' worth of stolen articles, or proof that he had drawn blood in a fight.

These boys were all under twelve; they had frequented the lower class of theatres, and had read the exploits of the ruffians in the West.

All of these facts were collected from different journals during a single week. We commend them to the attention of parents, who can draw their own meaning from them. We only ask, "Do you know what your own boys are reading?"—*Youth's Companion.*

HINTS FOR FURNISHING FARM-HOUSES.

Many farmers' wives and daughters have an instinctive sense of duty in regard to the adornment of their homes, yet feel that their income is too limited to do anything. But if they look around for what nature will freely supply they will be surprised at the transformation which can be easily wrought in rooms that before seemed dull and plain. Ferns gathered in Summer, and leaves in Autumn, pressed, and pinned on the wall in irregular sprays, beginning at the cornice, look very graceful. Let white tarlatan, costing 18 or 20 cents a yard, be cut in strips about half a yard wide and tacked over parlor and sitting-room windows for lambrequins. On these pin some brilliant Autumn leaves, scattered here and there carelessly, with perhaps a border of ferns, and you will be astonished at the fairy-like appearance presented. I remember gathering great quantities of ferns while staying one summer at a New England rural home, and the satirical remark of the farmer, that "he wished he could turn all the Philadelphia ladies loose into his field and have them pull up all the 'brakes.'" But even this practical man was impressed by the arrangement above described.—*American Agriculturist.*

STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE.

This favorite tea-cake is made out of layers of short cake, made in the usual manner, and sweetened with strawberries. The short-cakes, are baked in pie-plates, and should be about half an inch thick when done. As soon as they are taken from the oven they should be split, and buttered generously while hot. The strawberries should have been previously hulled, mashed smooth with a silver fork, and made very sweet, a little cream mixed with them being a great improvement. For seven or eight persons the following proportions would answer:

Short-Cake.—One quart of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one even teaspoonful of soda, or two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a quarter of a pound of butter and lard, and a half-pint of milk.

Layers of Strawberries.—One quart of fresh, ripe strawberries, one teacupful of white sugar, and one gill of cream.

Arrange the layers thus: First on a large dish or plate put the split half of a short-cake, the buttered side up, then cover it completely with a layer of the prepared strawberries, then another cake, buttered side up, until the pile is complete, when the crust side should be on top, dotted over with fresh whole berries, sprinkled thickly with fine granulated sugar. A small glass of rich milk completes the feast.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To brighten the carpet dampen a sponge in water having a few drops of ammonia in solution, and wipe off the dust.

If a bedstead creaks at each movement of the sleeper, remove the slats and wrap the end of each in old newspaper. This will prove a complete silencer.

Before using new earthware place in a boiler with cold water, and heat gradually till it boils; then let it remain until the water is cold. It will not be liable to crack if treated in this manner.

Before beginning to iron, sprinkle the table plentifully with water and lay on the ironing blanket. This will hold it firmly in place and prevent all wrinkling and shoving about. Never try to iron with a blanket having wrinkles or bunches.

To restore rubber rings for fruit-cans, let them lie in water in which you have put one part ammonia to two parts water. Sometimes they do not need to lie on this more than five minutes; but frequently a half hour is needed to restore their elasticity.

Success in raising house-plants may be forwarded by using soil, two-thirds of which is garden soil, and the rest sand. It should be kept light and loose about the roots, and the plants watered only as they appear to need it. When any of the leaves wither and fall, instead of throwing them away make little rolls of them and tuck them down in the earth, where they decay. This is the best fertilizer.

English Muffins.—One quart of flour; one tea-spoonful of salt; one-third of a cake of compressed yeast; one-third of a cupful of liquid yeast; one cupful and a half of water. Have the water blood-warm. Dissolve the yeast in one-third of a cupful of cold water. Add it and the salt to the warm water, and gradually stir it into the flour. Beat the dough thoroughly; cover, and let it rise in a warm place until it is spongy (about five hours). Sprinkle the bread-board with flour. Shape the dough into balls about twice the size of an egg, and drop them on the floured board. When all the dough has been shaped, roll the balls into cakes about one-third of an inch thick. Lay these on a warm griddle, which has been lightly greased, and put the griddle on the back of the stove, where there is not much heat. When the cakes have risen a little, draw the griddle forward and cook them slowly, turning often to keep the flat shape. It will take about twenty minutes for them to rise on the griddle, and fifteen to cook. Tear them apart, butter them, and serve.

A Very excellent soup is flavored so strongly with carrot as to be called carrot-soup: For stock take a good beef-bone or a knuckle of veal; have at least three quarts of clod water and plenty of salt; after it has boiled one half-hour add one quart of table carrots, sliced very thin; add rice or barley, pepper, and a little dried parsley; boil fo an hour longer. This may be strained, or be served with a tablespoonful of the sliced carrot in each plate of soup. Some cooks prefer chopping the carrots fine, but this is a matter of taste.

Curried Sardines.—Take a box of sardines and drain off all the oil into a frying-pan. Add to this a dessert-spoonful of curry powder, previously mixed with cold water. Thicken the oil with a little arrow-root, previously mixed with water. As soon as the curry and oil make a sauce about as thick as good melted butter, the sauce is ready. Pour this over the sardines and place them in the oven long enough for them to get heated through. When quite hot, serve with slices of toast.

Shape of Rice.—Put a teacupful of rice into a pie-dish with a pint of milk, and let it break for about three quarters of an hour. Then remove the brown skin and put the rice boiling hot on the yolks of two eggs, with a little sifted sugar and lemon flavoring. Beat all together. It must not be boiled again after adding the eggs. Press it into a mould, and let it stand some hours before turning out.

PUZZLES.

DIAMOND.

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1. In great. 2. Part of an intransitive verb, read backwards. 3. A light. 4. A kind of dog. 5. An heir. 6. A fowl. 7. In arc.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

Let naught, be preceded by g; let twice twenty-five follow; then add five hundred, and you will find a blessing to some, a curse to others, and that for which many have died.

PROVERB PUZZLE.

Take a certain word from each proverb. When the selections have been rightly made, and the words placed one below another in the order here given, the initial will spell the name of a place famous in American history.

1. "As busy as a bee."
2. "As ugly as a hedge fence."
3. "As nimble as a cow in a cage."
4. "As knowing as an owl."
5. "As full as an egg is of meat."
6. "As virtue is its own reward, so vice is its own punishment."
7. "As busy as a hen with one chicken."
8. "As brisk as a bee in a tar-pot."
9. "As lively as a cricket."
10. "As love thinks no evil, so envy speaks no good."

Enigmatic Trees (*Partly Phonetic.*)

1. A poisonous serpent.
2. A fish.
3. The voice of a quadruped.
4. Another fish.
5. An animal and a shrub
6. An indispensable article in the household.
7. A reminder of Mount Lebanon.
8. A large animal.
9. A garden vegetable.
10. An Indian tribe and a fruit.
11. An insect.
12. A part of many animals.
13. An emblem of power and strength.
14. A shell fish.
15. A favorite English tree.
16. An emblem of sorrow.
17. A delicious drink.
18. A reminder of a traitor.
19. A portion of a constellation.
20. The tree we would choose for a rainy day.
21. Senior.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

Enigmatic Trees. 1. Spruce. 2. Balm of Gilead. 3. Box. 4. Fringe. 5. Hemlock. 6. Georgia bark. 7. Blue Jack. 8. Sea Grape. 9. Iron wood. 10. June berry. 11. Lime 12. Olive. 13 Satin wood 14. Tulip tree. 15. Pine. 16. Plane. 17. Yew. 18. Willow. 19. Osage Orange. 20. Sorrel tree. 21. Mangrove.

Charade.—Bandage. (Band-age.)

Enigma.—"Let not ambition mock their useful toil."

Delicate Pudding.—Half a cup of raw rice, boiled in one and a half cups of water. When it is nearly done, add two cups of milk, and cook until the rice is soft. Add the yolks of four eggs, beaten with half a cup of sugar, a little salt and half a teaspoonful of extract of vanilla. Take from the fire and stir in the beaten whites of two eggs. Make a meringue of the remaining whites, beaten, with half a cup of sugar. Spread over the top and set in the oven to brown.

Broiled Potatoes.—Cut cold boiled potatoes in slices a third of an inch thick. Dip them in melted butter and fine bread crumbs. Place in the double broiler and broil over a fire that is not too hot. Garnish with parsley and serve on a hot dish. Or, season with salt and pepper, toast till a delicate brown, arrange on a hot dish, and season with butter.

Swedish Pudding.—One cup of sago, one cup of raisins, simmered separately two hours. Just before dinner, mix the raisins and sago and add the grated rind and juice of a lemon, a small teaspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of cinnamon. Serve with sugar and cream.

THE TITMOUSE FAMILY.

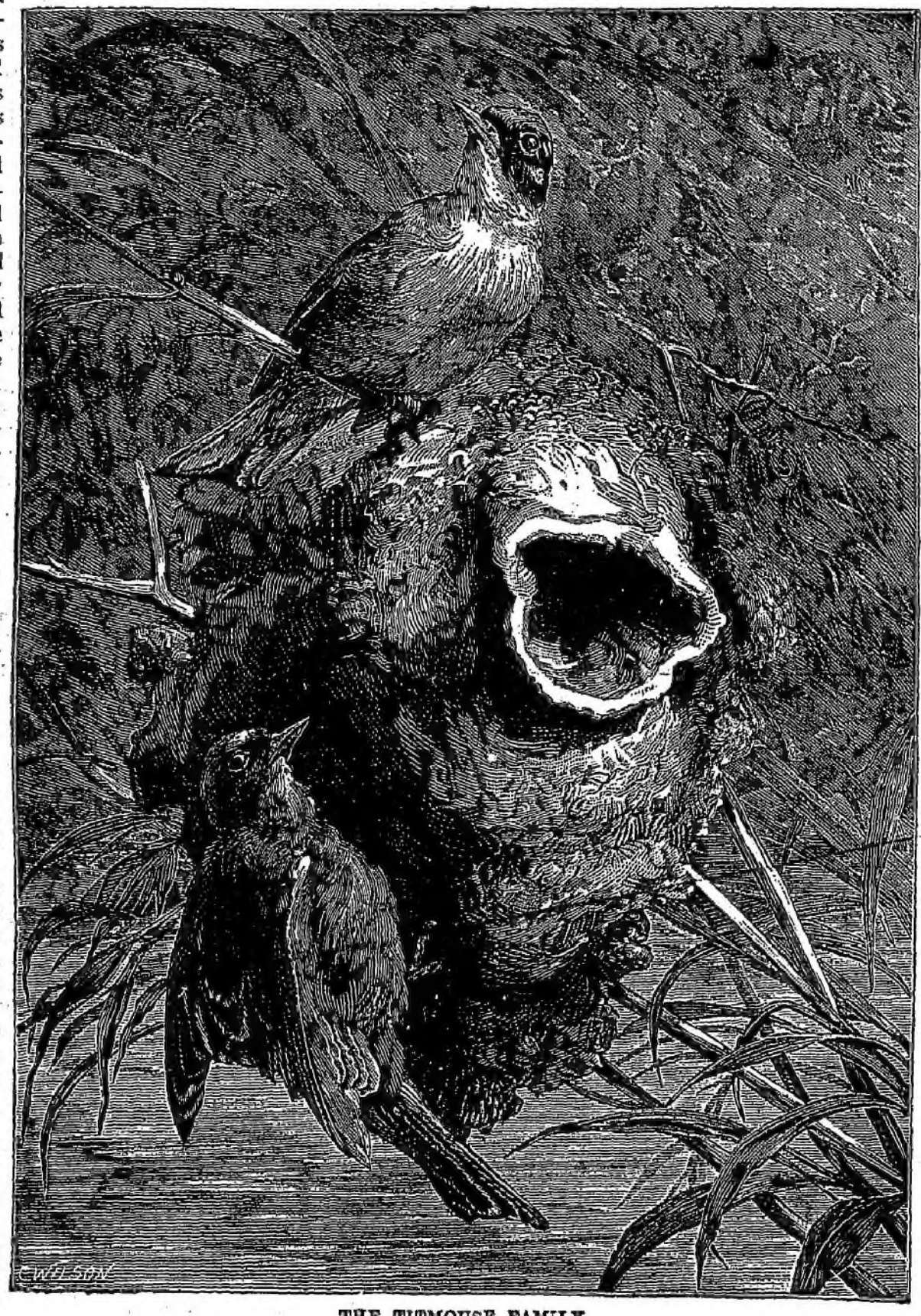
A small bird, with a grayish-white head, black wings, and a dull brown coat, a soft puffy little creature, may be found at all seasons hopping merrily about in the hedge-rows and orchards of England and France.

It is known as the long-tailed titmouse, and is one of the most remarkable members of the great titmouse family, which numbers more than eighty-seven varieties

Its nest is a wonderful specimen of bird-architecture. The little birds work industriously, and at the end of fifteen days the beautiful home is finished and ready to receive the small speckled eggs. The nest is fastened to twigs covered with thick foliage, and a location near a small water-course is usually selected. It is shaped like a large egg. The little round door is at one side near the top, and some nests have been found with a similar opening on the other side, lower down. As the birds cannot speak and explain this freak in the construction of their house, the reason has never been found out. Some naturalists think it is for better ventilation.

To weave its nest the bird collects bits of wood, soft moss, and the strong silken winding of certain cocoons, which it twists together in thick impenetrable walls within which its little ones may lie secure from rain and storm and cold. The exterior of the nest is artistically covered with beautiful lichens and bits of soft bark, which make it in color and outward texture so much like the branches to which it is secured that a very sharp eye is needed to distinguish it.

When the little house is complete, it is furnished with a soft thick bed of downy feathers, and the mother begins to brood over seven or eight little rose-white eggs delicately specked with red.



THE TITMOUSE FAMILY.

These long-tailed titmice are the most faithful of all bird-parents. They keep their children near them until they are a year old, and as two broods are born during the warm weather, with seven or eight in each brood, a whole titmouse family — papa, mamma, and as many as sixteen little ones—may often be seen hopping about together and scouring the hedges in search of food.

They are ravenous little creatures, and always hunting from morning till night, and as they are very sociable, they go in large flocks, twittering and chirping gleefully as they spy a swarm of fat flies, or discover among old stone heaps or in the bark of trees the hiding-places where tiny worms are lying asleep in a chrysalis shroud. They will also eat beech-nuts, acorns, hemp, and other oily seeds.

English boys call these birds tomtits, and consider them the most impertinent of all the feathered inhabitants of the country; for, small and graceful as they are, there are few birds which possess such a violent temper or such cruel instincts. They will fight furiously with each other for the possession of a plump insect or some other dainty morsel, and—sad to relate—they show no mercy towards a poor wounded or sick bird. No matter whether it is one of their own kind or of some other species, the titmice set upon it and kill it with sharp blows from their strong little beaks. When it is dead, they pick open its skull and eat its brains.

In France titmice are often captured in snares, but unless the specimen is very young, it will make a savage attack on the hands of the hunter who takes it from the net. It is not difficult to tame them. They make very wise and amusing pets, and if allowed to fly about will quickly clear a room of flies and mosquitoes. But they should never be put in a cage with other birds, for they will harass and worry them to death.

Titmice are very useful inhabitants of gardens and orchards, as they wage continual war on all kinds of saw-flies and other small insects, which do much injury to fruit-bearing trees and shrubs, and a wise gardener will allow the saucy tomtit full liberty to hop and jump about in search of a breakfast for himself and his numerous family.

In this country ten varieties of titmice have been found, and there are no doubt more. The most familiar among them is the chickadee, which may be heard any sunny day during our long northern winter trilling its merry chickadee-dee-dee in the fields and woods. It is one of the few birds that remain with us during the entire year, and is always the same lively, blythe little creature.—*Harper's Young People.*

SIZE OF SUN-SPOTS.

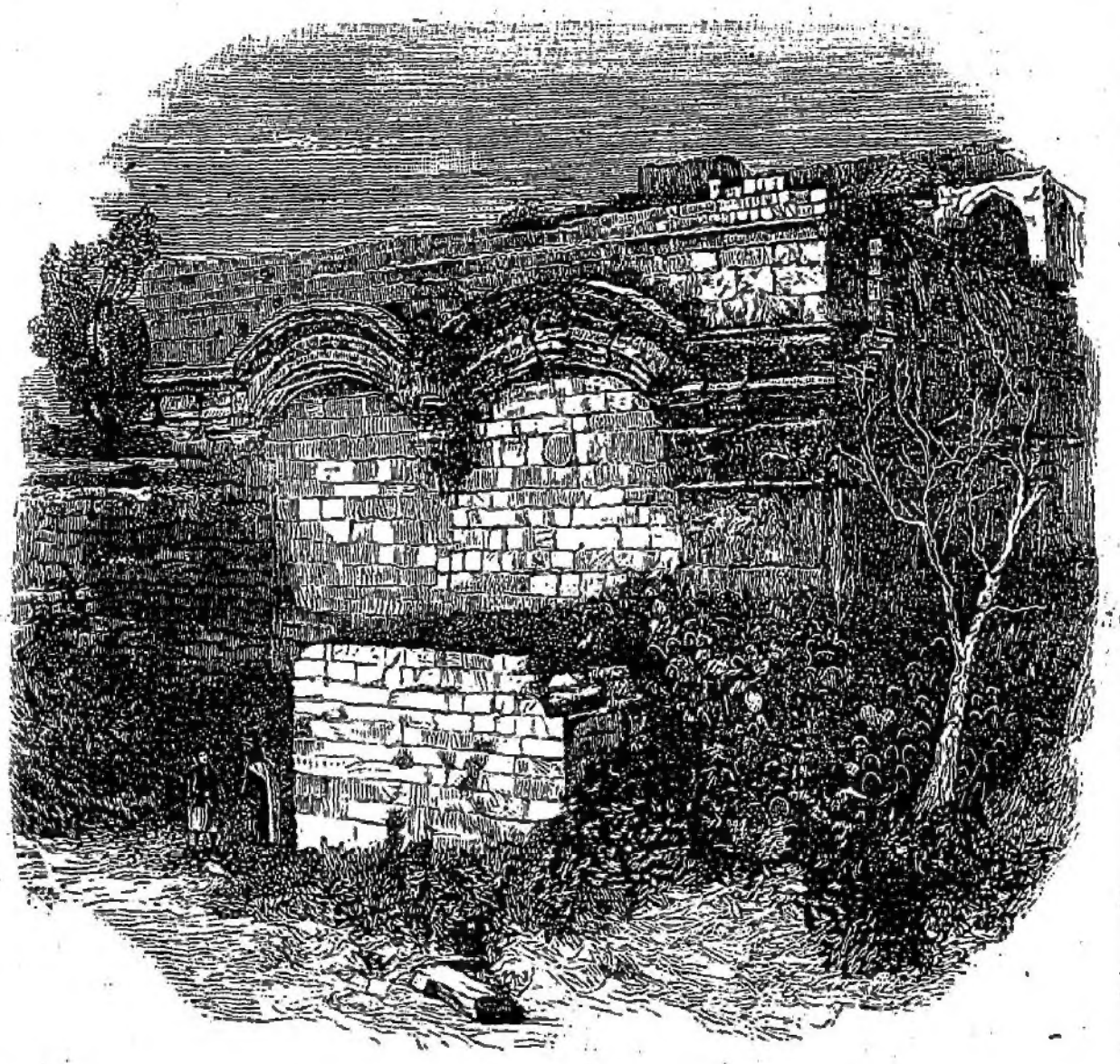
A single spot has measured from 40,000 to 50,000 miles in diameter, in which, as will be readily seen, we could put our earth for a standing point of observation, and note how the vast facular waves roll and leap about the edge of the spot, and also how the metallic rain is formed from the warmer portions of the sun. In June, 1843, a solar spot remained a week visible to the naked eye, having a diameter of about 77,000 miles; and in 1837 a cluster of spots covered an area of nearly 4,000,000,000 square miles. When we call to mind that the smallest spot which can be seen with the most powerful telescope must have an area of about 50,000 miles, we can readily see how large a spot must be in order to be visible to the unaided eye. Pasteroff, in 1828, measured a spot whose umbra had an extent four times greater than the earth's surface. In August, 1858, a spot was measured by Newall, and it had a diameter of 58,000 miles—more, as you will see, than seven times the diameter of the earth. The largest spot that has ever been known to astronomy was no less in diameter than 153,500 miles, so that across this you could have placed side by side eighteen worlds.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Do you think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended? Cast them all aside; they may be light and accidental, but they are ugly soot from the smoke of the pit for all that.—*John Ruskin.*

Manners are the shadows of virtues.—*Sydney Smith.*

THE GOLDEN GATE.

The visitor at Jerusalem who starts at the north-east angle of the Temple area, and proceeds eastward, will have the Temple on his right hand and the Kedron and the Mount of Olives on his left. He will soon come to the Golden Gate pictured in our illustration. It is a remarkable double gateway, the date and purpose of which are unknown. It has been supposed by some to be the Beautiful Gate at which the lame man sat begging. Good authorities, however, judge from its style of architecture that it can hardly be older than the age of Constantine. It is now walled up, in consequence of a Mohammedan tradition that the Christians will again take possession of Jerusalem, and that their King will enter victoriously through this gate. Another tradition is that the last judgment will take place in the valley of Jehoshaphat, or of Kedron, just below this position, and that Mohammed will stand upon one of the projecting pillars over the entrance and Issa—their name for Jesus—on the Mount of Olives opposite, and together judge the world.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*



THE GOLDEN GATE AT JERUSALEM.

FOUR MURDERERS.

In a village in India four heads of families were baptized by Padre Ware, a missionary. Their names were Nihal, Tara Chund, Chanda Lal, and Lala. The missionary left to preach in other villages.

After an absence of six months Padre Ware returned to the village, hoping to find the four Christians firm in the faith, and glorifying by their holy lives the Saviour whom they had promised to serve. Alas! great was the sorrow of Padre Ware to find that Satan had sown the seeds of discord and hatred amongst the little band who should have loved one another, even as Christ had loved them. Nihal had a quarrel with Tara Chund about a bit of land; Chanda Lal's wife had said bitter things against Lala's. None of the four would speak with his neighbor. Even the coming of Padre Ware was a fresh cause of bitterness. Each one of the four men asked the missionary to abide in his house; the Englishman could not go to one without offending the other three. Where Padre Ware had hoped to find love and peace and joy he found anger, hatred and strife.

Under the shade of a banyan tree sat Padre Ware, with his Bible in his hand; and thither, to meet him, came Nihal, Tara Chund, Chanda Lal, and Lala—but they sat on the ground as far apart as they could from each other. Many of the villagers stood at a little distance to see the missionary, and listen to his words; but none of these villagers wished to become Christians, for they said amongst themselves: "Padre Ware, when he was here before, told us that God is love, and Christ's religion a religion of love; but behold these men who have been baptized, they will not as much as eat together!" Padre Ware looked sadly upon the four converts who were thus bringing dishonor on the name of Christians. For a few moments he lifted up his heart in prayer for them, and then he spoke aloud:

"It is the desire of my heart that all may be peace and love between you. Nihal is the oldest among you; let us all go to his house, and take a meal together, in token that all again are friends."

But Tara Chund shook his head and cried: "Never will I cross the threshold of Nihal!" And Chanda Lal and Lala looked fiercely at each other and muttered: "We never will eat together."

Then said Padre Ware to the four: "I have been for twelve years a missionary. I have gone in and out amongst the people; I have never refused to go to the house of him who invited me, nor to eat with any who was willing to eat with me. Only once was I in great difficulty; I went to one village where several were ready indeed to receive me, but I knew that they were all murderers."

"All murderers!" exclaimed the astonished Christians. "That was an evil place indeed." "What was I to do?" asked Padre Ware. All the four answered with one breath: "Get out of that village as fast as you could."

Then Padre Ware opened his Bible, and slowly read: "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer, and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." There was a great silence, and then the missionary went on: "O my friends! ye know that God hath commanded, 'Thou shalt not kill;' and His Word hath shown us that this command reaches even to the thoughts of the heart. Ye call yourselves servants of that Saviour who loved His enemies, prayed for his enemies, died for his enemies; but oh! remember that they who come to Him for pardon and life must also follow Him in holiness and love—for is it not written in the Scripture of truth, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his?" (Rom. 8: 9.)

Again there was a deep silence. Then Nihal arose from the ground, and going up to Tara Chund, offered his hookah; and Tara Chund accepted it with a smile. The four Christians embraced one another; and before the evening closed in, those who had been bitter enemies ate together as friends and brethren in Christ.—*A. L. O. E., in The Gospel in All Lands.*

KINDNESS IS BETTER THAN BLOWS.

Once, as I was walking along the street in a large city, I saw a horse pulling a cart up a rising ground. The cart was filled with a heavy load of barrels and boxes; and, as the day was hot, the poor horse was having rather a hard time.

At last he stood still and refused to move. A crowd of men and boys soon gathered round. The driver whipped the horse hard; but the horse would not move. Some men put their shoulders to the wheels of the cart, and pushed it on a little way; but the horse would not help them, and one of the wheels came near to hitting a plate-glass window of a bookseller's shop.

The bookseller looked out, and said to himself, "that horse would do well enough if he were only treated kindly; but he has lost his temper, and the driver has lost his temper too. I will show them what a little kindness can do."

Then the bookseller took from the drawer a fine, large, rosy-cheeked apple; and going out into the street he patted the horse on the head, and spoke kind words to him. Then showing him the apple, he said, "Come, old fellow: be good now, and do your best, and you shall have this apple."

The horse was so pleased that he started on with his load, and went up the hill with it as if it were no weight at all. The bookseller stood at his head, holding out the apple; and when they had got on the level, easy ground, patted him kindly, and gave him the apple. When you have difficulty with man or beast, don't use the whip, but "show the apple."—*Ex.*

SAMSON got his honey out of the very lion that roared against him. The Christian often gets his best blessing out of his greatest seeming calamities.

THE greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.—*Carlyle.*

The Family Circle.

CONSECRATION.

"Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."

When "all" is Thine,
And naught is mine,
How calm and close the walk,
How free and sweet the talk.

When some is Thine,
And aught is mine,
There comes a mist between,
Thy form from me to screen.

Take then my "all"
Or great or small;
I strengthless am to make
Such gifts; take "all," Lord, take.

—*Episcopal Recorder.*

MR. BINGLE'S OLD COAT.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Splendid!" said Mrs Bingle, pulling the collar up and skirt down, and settling the pocket-flaps, as Farmer Bingle tried on his new overcoat. "Real silk velvet collar!"

"Yes, and such a piece of cloth! Forty-five dollars for the whole thing."

"Forty-five dollars!" echoed Sam and Jim, admiringly.

"Yes. Seventeen for the tailorin' and trimmin's, and twenty-eight for the cloth. It 'll do me till I'm gray."

"What you goin' to do with the old one, pa?" asked Jim.

"It's a good coat yet," said Mrs. Bingle. "Sam 'll be grown into it by two years more."

"First-rate coat. But—I was thinkin' some of givin' it to Parson Graves. You see, it 'll go on my account for the year, and I won't have so much to pay on his salary."

Mrs. Bingle measured with her eye how much Sam would have to grow before fitting well into the roomy coat, and decided it might be at least three years, in the course of which time, added to the seven during which it had been doing duty on Sundays and great occasions, it might begin to look old-fashioned, and Sam might object to wearing it, that young gentleman having already begun to develop a taste for clothing which came reasonably near fitting him. So it was agreed that Parson Graves should have the old overcoat.

Accordingly, on the next Saturday, when the farmer with his wife was about to drive into the country town, he asked at the last moment:

"Now, where's that coat?"

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. Bingle, "I've been so busy over the butter and eggs, if I didn't clear forget about it! Sally, Sally," she ran into the house calling to the girl who helped in the kitchen, "run up to the spare chamber and take that overcoat that hangs there, and some of them papers that lays on the shelf and wrap it up well and bring it to me."

Sally brought it, and the huge bundle lay in Mrs. Bingle's lap as she rode.

"It is a good coat," she observed, half regretfully, smoothing with her finger a corner of the cloth which peeped through a hole in the paper, and again revolving in her mind the possibility of Sam's growing into it in two years. "Sam won't be likely to get any ready-bought coat half as good as this."

"Like as not he won't," agreed the farmer, "but never mind. It's more blessed to give than to receive, you know."

The Bingle household awoke the next morning with the impression that something of an event was impending in the family, which impression became, with full wakefulness, defined into the remembrance that the new overcoat was to be worn for the first time on that day. There was, however, no undignified haste nor trifling in the matter. The morning chores were done, the morning prayer conducted with its time-honored lengthiness, and then the farmer leisurely shaved himself as usual, at one of the windows of the great kitchen, before saying, in as indifferent a voice as he could command:

"Jim, run up stairs and get my overcoat."

Jim went, but delayed until his mother had put the last touches to the bow in her bonnet-strings, a process which was almost invariably interrupted by her husband with remarks that they would be late for church, before he was heard shouting:

"I can't find it."

"Where are you lookin'?"

"In the closet in your room."

"It's in the closet in the spare chamber," called his father.

Another long delay, and then Jim came down stairs without it.

"I tell you it's on one of them pegs in our closet," said Mrs. Bingle. "I'll go myself. It's dark, and he can't see, but it's there, for I put it there myself."

"No," said Mr. Bingle, calling after her, "it's in the spare chamber closet. I put it there."

She was heard stepping briskly from one room to another, then back, and then back again. Then down the stairs, when she stood before them in silence, on her face blank consternation, and on her arm—the old overcoat!

"When did you hang it there?"

"I'd know—the day after it come, I guess. The old one always hung there, so I took it down and hung the new one there."

Mrs. Bingle sank into a chair.

"It's gone."

"Gone to Parson Graves!" The boys stared, open mouthed, unable at first fully to take in the calamity.

"But you can get it again," at length Jim said, hopefully.

"Of course!" said Sam. "You can tell Parson Graves it was all a mistake, and it was the old coat you meant for him, and of course he'll change back.

But the farmer shook his head ruefully.

"No, that won't do. It's done, and it can't be undone," he said with a groan. "Don't one of you never let on about its bein' a mistake."

The family and the old coat were late at church, thus missing the sight of the entrance of the new coat, but it lay over one arm of the little sofa in the pulpit. And Farmer Bingle never could recall a word of that service through which he sat trying to bring himself into some friendly recognition of the fact that he had presented his minister with a forty-five dollar overcoat, which he could not hope to have count at anything near its full value on his yearly assessment, for who ever heard of a country person having such a coat?

"Jings! Don't he look fine, though," ejaculated Sam, as Mr. Graves came down the aisle.

"And don't Mrs. Graves look set up!" said Jim.

"Enough to make any woman to hang on to a piece of cloth like that," said Mrs. Bingle.

Mr. Bingle was unhitching his horses as Mr. Graves came out of the church door, and did not at first raise his eyes as he listened to the remarks passing around.

"Bless me! What a fine-lookin' fellow our parson is, anyhow! Where on earth did he get that coat?"

"Must have had a fortune left him."

Mr. Bingle could not help a feeling that the coat had been well bestowed, as its wearer came to meet him with outstretched hands and a few quiet, though very earnest works of acknowledgment of his gift. The coat had fitted the farmer well, but there was something more than mere filling out of good cloth in the minister's dignified bearing; and in the scholarly face which appeared above it something which stirred up a feeling in many members of the congregation that this servant of the Lord had not hitherto been clothed in a fashion worthy of his high office.

"That's a shabby old hat to wear with it," said one of the village store-keepers. "I'll see about that before another Sunday comes' round."

As Mr. Bingle felt the grasp of his pastor's hand, he began almost to be glad he had given the coat. And then, as the fact of his having given it was whispered about, to feel ashamed of receiving so much credit for an act which he never would have thought of performing. For an honest, and really warm nature lay under the crust of parsimonious selfishness which had hardened over his heart, as it has alas!—over so many which might overflow in deeds of kindness to bless those who have given not grudgingly, but their whole selves to the Master's service.

"I feel like a liar, yes, I do!" said Mr. Bingle to his wife, with an energy which startled her, as they rode home. "To have that man shakin' me by the hand, and talkin' about my generosity, and his wife's eyes beamin' up at me and me not able to right out and tell 'em I'm a grudgin,' tight-fisted old—I tell you what!"—he gave his horses such a vigorous cut with the whip that Jim and Sam, on a back backless seat of the bob-sleigh, nearly went over backwards into the snow, "I've got to get even with myself somehow, but I don't know just how, yet."

It was astonishing what a commotion Farmer Bingle's gift created in the parish. Not one eye had failed to mark the justice done by Mr. Graves' goodly figure to the goodly garment, and with an awakening pride at the possession of such a fine-looking pastor came a desire to see him thoroughly well-equipped. Which desire found expression in such a visitation at the parsonage as had never before been dreamed of. Cheap goods and cast-offs were ignored in the generous supply of winter comforts which each giver made sure should be in keeping with the new overcoat, and the wives and mothers had seen to it that Mrs. Graves and the children should look fit to walk beside that tailor-made-up piece of cloth.

Mr. Bingle had smiled with a light in his eyes which came up from somewhere under that broken crust, at the set of furs which his wife carried to Mrs. Graves that night, but in the early gray of the wintry morning after, he, with Sam's help, quietly unloaded in the back yard of the parsonage, a firkin of butter, the same of lard, and six barrels of his best apples, packed for market.

"A good forty-five dollars, worth if I'd carted it a half mile further," he said to his wife with a face which shone as he sat down to breakfast.

"And not a soul heard us," said Sam, rubbing his hands in great glee. "Wish't I could see 'em when they find out!"

"Now I'm even," said the farmer. "And I'm mistaken if it wasn't the best day's work I ever did when I give away that coat by mistake."—*Standard.*

GENERAL GORDON AT GRAVESEND.*

He had eyes that were very quick to see sorrow. He was once watching a young bricklayer at his work, when he perceived there was something on his mind which was making him unhappy. In his own pleasant way he soon entered into conversation with the young man, and almost before the latter knew it he was pouring out his tale of sorrow into the sympathetic heart of Colonel Gordon.

"Mother has left us, and gone away from home; and everything there is so miserable that it is not like home at all."

"What do you do with your evenings?"

"I cannot do anything with them, sir. There is no light, no warm place in which to sit, no quiet in which to read; so I stand about the streets when have I finished work."

"Come and spend your evenings at the Fort House. You will find books and papers there, and pen and ink, and other lads too."

"Thank you, Colonel, I shall be very glad to do that."

So the young bricklayer became a nightly visitor, and had many a talk with the Colonel. Very happy evenings they were, both to him who did good and to him who received it; for no one could be in the company of Gordon without being morally and spiritually elevated.

One evening the young bricklayer was at Fort House as usual, when he was suddenly taken ill and hemorrhage of the lungs set in. The Colonel at once sent for the doctor. He found the young man very ill, and likely to continue so for some time. What was to be done? He could not be sent in his present state to his own miserable home—that was not to be thought of. But the doctor and the Colonel consulting together decided that he might be removed in a cab to the house of Mrs. S——, where he would receive all necessary attention.

The Colonel delivered him into Mrs. S——'s charge, giving the Good Samaritan's injunction and assurance, "Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee."

He was not long before he came again, for he visited him continually. "What can you take? Can I bring you anything?" he would ask; and would never forget to say to Mrs. S, —— "Be sure to let him have everything he fancies." He bore the cost of everything: met the doctor's expenses, paid for the lodgings, and was constant in his thoughtful helpfulness. He had plenty of work to do, but could always find time to read the Bible to the young man, who liked listening to that and to the Colonel's talks and prayers better than anything.

At last the doctor advised that he should be removed to the local infirmary, for he was in a rapid consumption.

"Shall I see you there, Colonel?" he asked, with wistful eyes.

"Certainly; I have a good many friends there, and I am often calling to see them."

"I know that I am going to die."

"But you are not afraid, for now you know who says, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' He will be as near to you in the infirmary as here, and as near to you in death as in life."

"Oh, yes, I know Him now!" And so he did, for as the narrator said, "the Colonel had led him to Christ by his life and teaching."

So the young bricklayer who would do no more work was taken to the infirmary, and was able to show to the patients there what Christianity could do for a dying man. "Read the Bible to me," he would say to the nurse; "There is nothing like it."

"But you are tired."

"Yes, I am very tired. I do long to go to Jesus." On another occasion he said, "I can see such beautiful sights—like little peeps into heaven. Can you see them? I shall soon be there!"

"Is there anyone you would like to see before you die?" asked his good friend, the Colonel, when he saw the end was near.

"Yes, I should like to see my mother." So the mother was telegraphed for, and arrived in time to see what the Saviour of the world is able to do for those who trust in Him. And then the young bricklayer went away, as he was longing to do, to be with Jesus, and to thank Him for sending him a friend and teacher in Colonel Gordon.

Another incident in the Colonel's life at Gravesend was the following: A boy in the employ of a tradesman robbed him. The culprit was discovered, and the master angrily declared that he would send him to prison. The mother of the boy was almost heart-broken, but she had heard of Colonel Gordon, and knew that, like his Master, he never turned away from the sad and troubled ones who sought his help. So, with all a mother's earnestness, she went at once to the Colonel, and trying to check her tears she told him the story.

"I cannot understand it, sir; he has always been an honest boy, and I do believe that this is the first and last time. If he could only have another chance! But if he is sent to prison I am afraid it will end in his ruin."

"I am afraid it will. I will do what I can for him. What would you like me to do?"

"Oh, sir, if you would intercede with his master, and persuade him not to send my boy to gaol. I will be grateful to you all my life."

So the Colonel went and saw the tradesman who had been robbed. He was very angry. He thought the boy deserved to be punished, and that it would do him good, and serve him right, and be a warning to him and to others, if he had a few months in prison. But Gordon pleaded very earnestly for him, and everyone respected the Colonel, and was glad to do as he wished.

"What will become of the boy? I cannot keep him here now."

"Oh, no, of course you cannot. But if you will promise not to prosecute him, I will take charge of him, and perhaps we can make a man out of the rascal yet. At least I should like to try, if you will let me."

"Very well, Colonel. I will not punish him, and I hope he may repay your kindness."

"Thank you very much."

The Colonel spoke very gravely to the boy, telling him how he had barely escaped going to prison, and pointing out to him

* Extracted from Life of General Gordon. By the Author of "New World Heroes."

how he had broken the laws of God, as well as man. "But you shall have a chance," he said. "Your master has kindly forgiven you, and if you ask God, He will forgive you also. And I will help you, if you behave well in the future and try to do your best. Will you?"

"Yes, sir, indeed I will," said the boy, through his tears.

"How would you like to go to sea?" asked the Colonel.

"I should like it very much indeed, sir,"

"Very well. Now you must go to school for a year. I will pay for you, and you must attend to your lessons, and try to learn as much as you possibly can in the time. Will you?"

"Yes, sir, I will try to be a good boy in everything."

"You must come up and see me sometimes at the Fort House, and you must spend your evenings at the Boys' Home, and I shall see you there. By these means I shall know whether you are keeping your promise. If at the end of twelve months I find that you have really been a good boy, then I will get you a berth in a good ship, and you shall go to sea."

The boy thanked the Colonel, and so did his mother; and, in fact, they continue to do so, though, perhaps, he does not know it, to this day. My informant says: "The lad is now a man, and goes to sea; while his mother resides in Gravesend still. He has a good character, and both the mother and sailor bless the name of Gordon, who saved the lad from prison and the mother from disgrace."

HOW I WAS PUNISHED.

BY S. JENNIE SMITH.

When I was a little girl I had a very exalted idea of my own importance. I was an only child and had been much indulged by my parents. This accounted for my self-conceit, but of course did not excuse it.

We always lived in the country, and at the age of eight I had never seen the great city of New York. One day when mamma told me we were going there for a few days, I was exceedingly gratified. There were papa, mamma and myself to go, beside a maid whose principal duty was to watch over me, and for whom I entertained supreme contempt, merely because of her position.

We reached the city in the evening and stopped at a large hotel. The first thing we did then was to have our supper, after which mamma concluded that I had better go right to bed, as I was very tired and sleepy. Mary, the maid, went upstairs with me as usual, and my parents remained in the parlor to talk with some acquaintance whom they had happened to meet there.

One thing that arrested my attention in the hotel was the gas. I had never before seen houses lit up in this way, for at home we always used candles and oil lamps. Therefore I was very much interested in the gas fixtures in our bedroom, and wanted to try my skill at turning it off and on. Mary bade me leave it alone, saying that I would suffocate myself. This I considered nonsense, for I thought that I knew more than a maid; besides, how could anything like that occur? Mary had never seen gas until this time, and how should she know?

"Now leave that alone," she said on going from the room, "and don't, for any reason, blow it out."

No sooner was she down stairs than I jumped out of bed and began to play with the gas by turning it up and down. Finally I blew it out just to prove to Mary that it would do no harm. But when I found that I was really in the dark I felt a little frightened and wished that I had not touched the gas. In a little while a strange feeling began to creep over me, and I called out feebly for Mary. Again I tried to call but my voice was still weaker. I believed now that I was dying, and repented, oh, so sorely, of my foolish pride. I tried to pray but was growing weaker every moment and was unable to utter a word. At last I sank into a state of unconsciousness, after having a horrible feeling of trying to grasp relief which seemed always just beyond my reach.

When I again opened my eyes, my dear parents were by my bedside weeping. Mary, too, was there, and I could see that she also was wiping tears from her face. Then I felt ashamed to think how unkind had been my thoughts of her. As I afterwards learned, she was the one who saved my life. Fearing that I might meddle with the gas, she had gone up-stairs a little while after she left me, to see if I was all right. As soon as she reached the door, she knew what had happened. Rushing into the room she threw open the windows, which had been closed tightly on account of the cold weather. Then she called assistance. But for her timely arrival I would have died.

I was ill for a week or two after this, but had I recovered immediately, the lesson I learned would have been sufficient to show me that I had not very much wisdom in my own little brain, and that I ought always to respect my elders, be they rich or poor. As it was, God gave me a long time to lie in bed and think over my faults, and when I arose it was with a firm determination strengthened by prayer, that I would henceforth be one of the meek and lowly in heart. —*Advocate and Guardian.*

GIRLS SHOULD LEARN DOMESTIC DUTIES.

A mother has no right to bring up a daughter without teaching her how to keep house; and if she has an intelligent regard for her daughter's happiness, will not do it.

By knowing how to keep house, we do not mean merely knowing how books should be arranged on a centre table, and how to tell servants what is wanted to be done. We mean how to get a breakfast, a dinner, a supper; how to make a bed; how to sweep a room; how to do the thousand and one different things which are requisite to keep a house in order, and to make it pleasant.

A person who does not know how to do a thing well, does not know how to have it done well. No number of servants makes up for the want of knowledge in a mistress.

A family employed a girl to do general housework. She came just at night, and the first thing assigned to her to do was to wash the supper dishes. She washed them in cold water, and without soap!

A gentleman sent home a roasting piece of beef and a quantity of cut porter-house steaks. When he sat down to dinner he learned that the new cook had roasted the steaks!

Yet many a boarding-school miss at the time of her marriage might make either of these mistakes.

Not one woman in a thousand knows how to make bread as good as it can be made. And sour tempers, scoldings, dyspepsia, with its indescribable horrors, and even death itself, not unfrequently result from bad cooking.

Mothers, whatever else you may teach your daughters do not neglect to instruct them in all the mysteries of housekeeping. So shall you put them in the way of good husbands and happy homes.—*Household.*

"MY MOTHER IS PRAYING FOR ME."

BY REV. PETER STRYKER, D. D.

A very affecting incident was related to me not long since by an eminent Christian lady. She has seven children, and for many years has been accustomed to pray for them individually and particularly. But while she remembers them frequently and definitely before God, she has for each child every week a day in which she pleads for him or her more fully. Her children are now all grown, and they are all professing Christians. Some of them are living far away from the old home. But they are all happy in the knowledge that the dear mother is praying for them, and each one remembers the day especially set apart for him.

One of the sons is an engineer, and, of course, is often exposed to physical danger. At one time, when at the head of a long and heavy train, he saw another train approaching on the same track. He knew a collision was inevitable. What should he do? To leave his post and jump from the train would be perilous to himself and might prove disastrous to the lives and property of others. He concluded he ought to remain and do his best to overcome the evil threatened just then he thought, "This is my day. My mother is praying for me" This inspired him with new courage and strength. He gave the signal for "down brakes," put forth all the energy and skill at his command to stop the train, and awaited the issue. The crash came, and although some damage was done, and all experienced a great shock, no lives were lost, and our engineer was not even bruised. Did it only happen so? Was this a bit of "good luck"? Rather let us believe it was a special providence, and that God watched over that young man and preserved him in answer to the prayers of his mother.

Would it not be well if we had more of this definiteness and individuality in prayer? There certainly can be no impropriety in it. Reason and Scripture are both in its favor. Hannah prayed for a child. She had her answer in the infant Samuel. The early disciples prayed that Peter might be released from prison. They knew that God had heard and answered their prayer when the apostle stood knocking at the gate, and in their surprise and joy they opened it and let him come in. The Bible is full of illustrations.

How could it be otherwise? If we desire a favor from a friend we don't say, "Will you help us?" and stop there. We tell him what we want. We are definite in our application. So should we be when we approach God in prayer. We do well to present our children and friends to him by name, just as the people presented the maimed and the halt and the blind to Jesus individually. And then we should not only cry mightily to him in their behalf, but we should express particularly what we desire for them.

Would it not be well for us, like the dear old mother, to have our special days in which we prayed fully and definitely for our children and friends? And when we thus plead for them shall we not present our desires in detail before God and respectfully argue the case?—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE CHOPPED BIBLE.

"Take it and read!" said the voice to Augustine, as he lay in the garden with a roll of the gospels by his side. He obeyed, and the dissipated sceptic became a Christian preacher.

"The best way to acquire faith in the Bible is to read it. The book is its own evidence.

A few years ago a Bible distributor, while passing through a village in Western Massachusetts, was told of a family in whose home there was not even the cheapest copy of the Scriptures—so intense was the hostility of the husband to Christianity.

The distributor started at once to visit the family, and found the wife hanging out her week's washing. In the course of a pleasant conversation, he offered her a neatly-bound Bible.

With a smile which said "Thank you!" she held out her hand, but instantly withdrew it. She hesitated to accept the gift, knowing that her husband would be displeased if she took it.

A few pleasant words followed, in which the man spoke of the need of the mind of Divine direction, and of the adaptation of the Bible to that need, and the woman resolved to take the gift. Just then, her husband came from behind the house with an axe on his shoulder.

Seeing the Bible in his wife's hand he looked threateningly at her, and then said to the distributor, "What do you want, sir, with my wife?"

The frank words of the Christian man, spoken in a manly way, so far softened his irritation that he replied to him with civility. But stepping up to his wife, he took the Bible from her hand, saying,—

"We have always had everything in common, and we'll have this, too."

Placing the Bible on the chopping-block, he cut it in two parts with one blow of the ax. Giving one part to his wife, and putting the other in his pocket, he walked away.

Several days after this division of the Bible, he was in the forest chopping wood. At noon he seated himself on a log and began eating his dinner. The dissevered Bible suggested itself. He took it from his his coat-pocket, and his eye fell on the last page. He began reading, and soon was deeply interested in the story of the Prodigal Son. But his part ended with the son's exclamation,—

"I will arise and go to my father."

At night he said to his wife, with affected carelessness, "Let me have your part of that Bible. I've been reading about a boy who ran away from home, and after having a hard time decided to go back. There my part of the book ends, and I want to know if he ever got back, and how the old man received him."

"The wife's heart beat violently, but she mastered her joy and quietly handed the husband her part, without a word.

He read the story through, and then re-read it. He read on, far into the night. But not a word did he say to his wife.

During the leisure moments of the next day, his wife saw him reading the now-joined parts, and at night he said, abruptly,—

"Wife! I think that's the best book I ever read."

Day after day he read it. His wife noticed his few words, which indicated that he was becoming attached to it. One day he said,—

"Wife! I'm going to try and live by that book; I guess it's the best sort of a guide for a man."

And he did. A strong prejudice against religious truth, growing out of a partial conviction of its necessity, is often followed by a changed life, and such was this man's experience.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Few days ago a man in New York was fined $300 for giving tobacco to a giraffe in Central Park. Almost simultaneously a tavern keeper in Chicago was fined $5 for selling whiskey to children. From these two facts it would appear that the preservation of the morals of the giraffe stands higher than the protection of children.—*Bloomsbury Journal.*

Question Corner.—No. 14.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BIBLE SCENE.

Lo, a multitude rejoices,
And the sound of happy voices
Rings through all the startled air,
While in solemn, slow progression
Winds along a grand procession,
Cymbals clash and trumpets blare.
Who is this with flowing drapery
Like the far clouds, white and vapory?
Who is this that leads the band?
In his earnest gaze upturning
Light of sacred joy is burning,
As he dances, harp in hand.
Thus with sounds of sacred pleasure,
Bringing home a priceless treasure,
Comes the goodly company,
One in heart, Jehovah praising,
Loud thanksgivings to him raising,
For his mercies large and free.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. O prophet, vexed about so small a *thing!*
2. This prophet did of Edom's future sing.
3. Fifth book in Scripture—last of Pentateuch.
4. *Unrighteous man,* O hear the strange rebuke!
5. Who, in the place of *this,* a scorpion gives?
6. Rescued by Christ to praise Him while *she* lives.
7. Now Israel's deliverer is *he.*
8. *This* do thou in the Lord; wait patiently.
9. The Spirit and the Bride say *one sweet word.*
10. A patriarch's best name given by the Lord.
11. Lo, in the midst of *this,* I see four men.
12. Through *thy* quick death, the king hath sinned again.
13. *This royal beast* obeyed God's stern behest,
    Slaying the man, though not by hunger prest.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 12.

1. Egypt. They stayed there until the death of Herod. Matt. 1. 13. 15.
2. Of John the Baptist. Matt. 3. 3.
3. Behold I send my messenger and he shall prepare the way before me. Malachi 3. 1.
4. Isaiah 40. 31.

BIBLE RIDDLE.—Elijah. He was taken up to Heaven in a chariot of fire 1 Kings 17. 1, 24.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been sent by Jennie E. Hall, Wm. Traquair, A. E. Doidge, Hugh Patton, Janet Patton, Amanda B. Campbell and Bella F. Christie.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IV.

KINDNESS TO JONATHAN'S SON.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 6, 7.

1. And David said, Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake?

2. And there was of the house of Saul a servant whose name was Ziba. And when they had called him unto David, the king said unto him, Art thou Ziba? And he said, Thy servant is he.

3. And the king said, Is there not yet any of the house of Saul, that I may shew the kindness of God unto him? And Ziba said unto the king, Jonathan hath yet a son, which is lame on his feet.

4. And the king said unto him, Where is he? And Ziba said unto the king, Behold, he is in the house of Machir, the son of Ammiel, in Lodebar.

5. Then King David sent, and fetched him out of the house of Machir, the son of Ammiel, from Lodebar.

6. Now when Mephibosheth, the son of Jonathan, the son of Saul, was come unto David, he fell on his face, and did reverence. And David said, Mephibosheth. And he answered, Behold thy servant!

7. And David said unto him, Fear not: for I will surely shew thee kindness for Jonathan thy father's sake, and will restore thee all the land of Saul thy father; and thou shalt eat bread at my table continually.

8. And he bowed himself, and said, What is thy servant, that thou shouldest look upon such a dead dog as I am?

9. Then the king called to Ziba, Saul's servant and said unto him, I have given unto thy master's son, all that pertaineth to Saul and to all his house.

10. Thou therefore, and thy sons, and thy servants shall till the land for him, and thou shalt bring in the fruits, that thy master's son may have food to eat: but Mephibosheth thy master's son shall eat bread alway at my table. Now Ziba had fifteen sons and twenty servants.

11. Then said Ziba unto the king, According to all that my lord the king hath commanded his servant, so shall thy servant do. As for Mephibosheth, said the king, he shall eat at my table, as one of the king's sons.

12. And Mephibosheth had a young son, whose name was Micha. And all that dwelt in the house of Ziba were servants unto Mephibosheth.

13. So Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem: for he did eat continually at the king's table; and was lame on both his feet.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not."—Prov. 27: 10.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Sam. 9: 1-13.....Kindness to Jonathan's Son.
T. Prov. 27: 1-12.....Forsake Not.
W. 1 Sam. 18: 1-12.....David and Jonathan.
Th. 1 Sam. 20: 1-17.....Jonathan's Love for David.
F. 2 Sam. 1: 17-27.....David's Lament for Jonathan.
Sa. Prov. 17: 1-17.....Born for Adversity.
S. John 15: 1-16.....His Life for his Friends.

LESSON PLAN.

1. Jonathan's Friendship Remembered. 2. His Son Honored for his Sake.

Time.—B.C. 1040. Place.—Jerusalem.

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 1. FOR JONATHAN'S SAKE—his covenant with Jonathan (1 Sam. 20: 15) was now remembered. Jonathan had been dead not less than fifteen years when David made this inquiry. Pity that he did not think of it sooner! V. 3. THE KINDNESS OF GOD—such as God shows. (See 1 Sam. 20 14-16.) MACHIR—afterward a useful friend to David. 2 Sam. 17: 27. LODEBAR—a town in Gilead not far from Mahanaim.

II.—V. 6. FELL ON HIS FACE—in reverence to David as his king. V. 7. FEAR NOT—David relieves his fear by promising him kindness and the restoration of the landed property of his grandfather. THOU SHALT EAT BREAD—he takes his friend's son into his family, adopts him as his own. V. 8. A DEAD DOG—contemptibly worthless. V. 9. ZIBA—he probably lived on the land now restored to Mephibosheth, and David commissioned him to cultivate it for him. V. 10. FOOD—means to support his family. V. 13. DWELT IN JERUSALEM—in honor as one of David's household. LAME—see 2 Sam. 4: 4.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That we should search out opportunities of doing good.

2. That we should perform all the duties of friendship.

3. That we should not forget the children of those whom we have loved.

4. That we should show our love by our deeds.

5. That our kindness to others should be ordered according to God's kindness to us.

LESSON V.

Aug. 3, 1884.] [2 Ps. 51: 1-19.

DAVID'S REPENTANCE.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 9-12.

1. Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2. Wash me throughly from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3. For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me.

4. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight; that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5. Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6. Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8. Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9. Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

12. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

13. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14. Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation; and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15. O Lord open thou my lips, and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

16. For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it; thou delightest not in burnt-offering.

17. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

18. Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion; build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19. Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt-offering and whole burnt-offering; then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

GOLDEN TEXT

"My sin is ever before me."—Ps. 51: 3.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ps. 51: 1-19.....The Prayer of the Penitent.
T. Luke 15: 1-21.....The Return of the Penitent.
W. Luke 18: 9-14.....The Pardon of the Penitent.
Th. Ps. 116: 1-19.....The Gratitude of the Penitent.
F. Ps. 6: 1-10.....Mercy Sought.
Sa. Ps. 38: 1-22.....Supplication in Distress.
S. Ps 32: 1-11.....The Joy of Forgiveness.

LESSON PLAN.

1. A Cry for Forgiveness. 2. A Prayer for Inward Cleansing. 3. A New Consecration.

Time.—B.C. 1034. Place.—Written in Jerusalem. (For the historical account, see 2 Sam. 11, 12.)

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 1. BLOT OUT—sin is here regarded as an account written against the sinner. Jer. 17: 1. To blot out is to remit or pardon it. V. 2. WASH ME THOROUGHLY—multiply to wash me. "Repeated washings make thorough cleansings." V. 3. EVER BEFORE ME—gives me no rest. V. 4. AGAINST THEE—the great guilt of sin is that it is against God.

II.—V. 6. TRUTH—sincerity. INWARD PARTS—the heart, the soul. V. 7. An allusion to the purification from leprosy (Lev. 14: 52) or from the touch of a dead body (Lev. 19: 19) by the sprinkling of water with a hyssop branch. See also Num. 19: 18. So our souls must be sprinkled with Christ's atoning blood. V. 12. RESTORE—cause to return. WITH THY FREE SPIRIT—rather, with a willing, strong reliable spirit.

III.—V. 14. BLOOD-GUILTINESS — murder. David had in effect murdered Uriah. THY RIGHTEOUSNESS—thy grace and goodness is my pardon. V. 16. NOT SACRIFICE—sacrifices, of themselves, without penitence and faith, had no value. V. 17. A BROKEN SPIRIT—heartfelt repentance. Isa. 66: 1, 2; 57: 15. V. 18. DO GOOD—David feared lest his sin should bring calamity upon Zion.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That we should confess our sins and cry to God for pardon.

2. That we should pray for inward purity as well as for pardon.

3. That the blood of Jesus Christ will cleanse us from the darkest sin.

4. That the joy of pardon should make us earnest to bring others to the Saviour.

THE MISSIONARY'S ESTIMATE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

A missionary in Ahmednagar, Western India, gives an interesting account of his style of procedure; it is as follows:—"The missionary goes to a rest-house, and when a company is collected, he says that there will be a school there every Sunday at a certain hour, and asks all children to come, requesting the parents to send their children. He also shows pictures, and says that each child who can repeat on any Sunday the lesson taught a week before will receive such a picture. If a rest-house is not available, the shade of a tree, or the house or verandah of a friendly person, serves for a school-house. The subjects taught are Bible stories and Christian hymns. Every Sunday, first the review lesson is heard; if a child can repeat a Bible incident or parables even a few days after having heard it, there is hope that he will remember it much longer. Such a child receives a small picture, and two pins to fasten it to the wall of his house. The desire for getting a new picture the following Sunday secures good attention to the new lesson. Occasionally there is a united service for all such Sunday-schools when addresses are made, and fruit and sweetmeats are given to some, and small tracts to those whose parents would not like to have them eat what we give. These Sunday-schools are one of the best evangelistic agencies." A missionary in South India reports that in the small town where he lives, he can secure occasional street audiences to listen to his preaching, varying in size from ten to one hundred; and that these audiences would dwindle rapidly if he tried to gather them every week. But in a Sunday-school which he has started, he can be sure of a hundred year in and year out; and could even have more, if his chapel were only larger.

The advantages to be gained by collecting children for Sunday-school instruction are obvious. "In my own experience," writes a missionary in North India, "again and again have I heard of Sunday-school scholars, boys so thoroughly accepting the truths of the Bible as to persistently refuse to worship the family god or goddess, arguing with their parents, showing the foolishness of idolatry, and even going so far as to lay violent hands upon the unshapely block of stone so blindly worshipped by the older members of the family." The impressible nature of the mind in childhood; the comparative freedom from prejudice of the young; the possibility of working continuously on the same minds,—a possibility rarely attained in street-preaching; the quiet and order which can be maintained in any room under the control of the missionary; the seed-like nature of Christian truth when carried by children from the Sunday-schools to their homes, in the form of Bible verses or Christian hymns; the demand made by Sunday-schools upon the rank and file of the native churches for teachers and other grades of Sunday-school laborers; these are some of the ways in which the value of the Sunday-school is felt by our missionaries.

I cannot now state the number of Sunday-schools or of their members in India; but reports come from all parts of that vast mission field of the increasing interest and usefulness of the Sunday-school. The American missionaries are acknowledged to be foremost in this branch of work; especially the American Methodist missionaries of North India. Their example is now followed more and more every year by laborers of all nationalities and all societies. Considering the short time that Sunday-schools have been in operation in India, the results attained, and their rapid growth in all the Indian missions, are both astonishing and gratifying.—*Rev. C. W. Park, in S. S. Times.*

DIED WITH HIS SECRET.

A short time since, during the recent bank troubles in the East, a number of Italians living in and around Butte, Montana, withdrew their deposits from the banks of that city, and confided them to the care of a countryman of theirs, named Dominic Toneatti, who had a reputation for honesty. This trusted individual secreted the cash in a secure hiding-place. Unfortunately for him, and the depositors as well, he was lately killed by a fall in the Lexington mine, and with his death the knowledge of the spot where the money was hid died also. *Efforts since made to discover it have been unsuccessful, and the grief of the unhappy Italians at the death of Dominic is rendered almost unbearable by the loss of the article which held at least an equal place in their affections. While panic-stricken they withdrew their money from a place of safety, and are now grief-stricken because it is no where to be found.—Sacrament Recorder-Union.*

SUBSTITUTE FOR A CANDLE.

Countless accidents, as every one knows, arise from the use of matches. To obtain light without employing them, and so without danger of setting fire to things, an ingenious contrivance is now used by all the watchmen of Paris in all the magazines where explosives or inflammable materials are kept. Any one may easily make a trial of it. Take an oblong vial of the whitest and clearest glass and put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea. Pour some olive oil, heated to the boiling point, upon the phosphorus, fill the vial about one third full and cork it tightly. To use this novel light remove the cork, allow the air to enter the vial and then recork it. This empty space in the vial will become luminous, and the light obtained is equal to that of a lamp. When the light grows dim its power can be increased by taking out the cork and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter the vial. In winter it is sometimes necessary to heat the vial between the hands, in order to increase the fluidity of the oil. The apparatus thus made may be used six months.—*Builders' Journal.*

BELIEVING AND UNDERSTANDING.

"I will not believe anything but what I understand, said a self-confident young man in a hotel one day.

"Nor will I," said another.

"Neither will I," chimed in a third.

"Gentleman," said one who sat close by, "do I understand you correctly, that you will not believe anything that you don't understand?"

"I will not," said one, and so said each one of the trio.

"Well," said the stranger, "in my ride this morning I saw some geese in a field eating grass; do you believe that?"

"Certainly," said the three unbelievers.

"I also saw the pigs eating grass do you believe that?"

"Of course," said the three.

"And I also saw sheep and cows eating grass, do you believe that?"

"Of course," was again replied.

"Well, but the grass which they had formerly eaten, had by digestion turned to feathers on the backs of geese, to bristles on the backs of swine, to wool on the sheep, and on the cows it had turned to hair; do you believe that gentlemen?"

"Certainly," they replied,

"Yes, you believe it," he rejoined, "but do you understand it?"

They were confounded and silent, and ashamed.—*The Young Churchman.*

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